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IMMORTALITY,
OR
THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

"KIND READER, TAKE YOUR CHOICE, TO CRY OR LAUGH."

NEW-YORK:
SAXTON & MILES, 205 BROADWAY.

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ERRATUM.

On page 32, last line, for "Now," read "None."

IMMORTALITY,

OR

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM.

DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF

“THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,” HELD

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW-YORK,

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1844.

TO
THE MEMBERS
OF
"THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,"
This Poem

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

GENTLEMEN—It is with the sincerest emotions of regard, that I dedicate the following Poem to you, not only as a Society and collectively, but also individually. The many pleasant hours that we have passed together, are ever dear to me in the remembrance, and with the warmest gratitude for your liberal and undeserved kindness, I esteem it an especial privilege to be permitted to dedicate this Poem to you, as a slight evidence of that attachment which cannot be expressed by words ; and trusting that the sunshine of prosperity, which has illumined your pathway, may ne'er be shadowed by a single cloud,

I have the honour to be,

Your sincere friend and fellow member,

ALFRED WHEELER.

IMMORTALITY,
OR,
THE PILGRIM'S DREAM.

"Our life is two-fold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
Amid a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
————— for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

GREEN was the forest glade, for summer now
On every flower, plant and tree, had marked
The season as her own. It was the noon,
And birds, escaping from the fervid flood

Of heat that poured upon the shadeless fields,
Amid the cooling branches of the grove
Had nestled. Some with plumage bright and gay,
Unequalled hues of Heaven's own workmanship ;
And others of the feath'ry tribe, whose charm
Was in their song, upon the waving boughs
Were gaily dancing, 'mid the bright green leaves,
And singing merrily,

While gentle zephyrs, sweet,

From hill and dale,

O'er grove and vale,

Their gladsome music meet,

And rustling leaves,

With music like Æolian harps, from tree
To tree, gave back the music note for note,
Until the forest seemed a living grove,
Where music dwelt in every thing, and e'en
The trees grew vocal at the south wind's touch.
A streamlet too went leaping on, beneath
The shady boughs of tree and hanging vine,
While ever and anon its dancing spray
Leaped up, as if to kiss the modest flowers,
And add its note of joy, in sweetest chime,
To the merry melody around—

In short, the scene was a joyous scene,
In this greenwood wild and free ;
The winds at play on the leafy green,
Amid nature's melody.

Where cheering hope, on the wings of love,
Seemed nestled in every flower ;
While fancy gave to the happy grove,
The charm of a fairy bower.

Oh ! the wild wood, to a sinless heart,
Is the home of love and peace,
Where the cares of life and its woes depart
And the storms of passion cease.

Then who would cling to this dismal den,
Or court its alluring charms,
When the cheering voice of the woodland glen,
Invites ye to its arms ?

There's freedom there for the struggling mind,
For the soul that would be free ;
And the music of every murmuring wind,
Seems whispering, *Liberty !*

And in this quiet forest glade, beneath the greenwood tree,
A pilgrim stood, and o'er the scene was gazing musingly ;
No hoary hairs upon his brow, no wrinkled lines of care
Betokened that the hand of time had left its impress there.

No curved or bended form had he, no gray beard, long and
white,
No crooked staff, nor tattered clothes, nor garb of valiant
knight,
But plainly clad, of honest mien, yet noble form was he,
And o'er his head the years of life could scarcely twenty be.

His mind had far outstripped his years, and from his eagle eye
There flashed a light, that told of might, of a soul's nobility.
He wandered not in search of gems, nor baubles rich and rare,
Nor at the shrine of fortune bowed, to worship humbly there.

No country famed in classic lore, nor consecrated fane,
Had lured him with the flatt'ring hope of kneeling at its
shrine,
But in his soul, from boyhood's days, there lurked one burn-
ing thought,
That waked a dream of new romance, with hope and fancy
fraught.

When, in his childish glee, he hung upon his mother's side,
And felt his heart with gladness leap, in the joy of boyish
 pride,
Oft in his list'ning ear she breathed a tale of by-gone days,
Or sang a song of olden time, in some old hero's praise.

Anon, she told some thrilling tale of warriors who had bled
To gain their country's freedom, or be numbered with the
 dead ;
Or of the sons of Genius, who with eloquence sublime
Had won such laurels as ne'er fade before the hand of Time.

And as the story of their fame enchained his list'ning ear,
And in the thrill of rapture wild, his soul poured forth a tear,
With artless glee the thought sprang forth that marked his
 destiny,
“ Oh ! tell me, mother, may not I, like them, immortal be ?”

And now on manhood's verge he stood, while deeply in his
 soul,
Was cherished still his early hope, to reach that fancied goal.
In youth, he saw but sunny skies along the path of life,
And fancied that the future must with such be always rife,

But when amid life's storms he launched, with hope his only
guide,
And friends, whom he had loved before, forgot him in their
pride,
Oft, from his lonely heart, would spring the sad and burning tear,
For only one was left of all who once had been so dear.

And she, a fair one, who had been the star of every dream,
For whom his heart had beat with hidden love that made him
deem
The path to fame, tho' dark and drear, would yet be bright
the while,
Could she for whom he lived but grant one fond approving
smile.

And friendless now, and lone he stood, beneath the greenwood
tree,
And mused upon his pilgrimage to Immortality ;
Till sad and weary with his fate, a spell upon him crept,
And on the green and sloping lawn, he laid him down and
slept.

And fancy now, with quick and magic power,
On the sleeper cast the thralldom of an hour ;

And lo ! the wild romance that preyed upon his soul,
In dreams, still bowed his spirit to its own control.

He seemed to stand in a palace hall,
Alone and a stranger there ;
And viewed with wonder the gilded wall,
That crowned, with splendor, the festival,
And the hangings, rich and rare.
It was a monarch's banquet hour,
And the guests around the board
Forgot, for a time, the kingly power,
And jested with their lord.

And melody sweet was floating there,
With the charm of a magic spell,
And echoing now through the fragrant air,
With notes that banished each thought of care,
And as soft as a fairy bell.
And quick the heart to the music beat,
With the lightness of mirthful glee,
And the sound of the dance and the tripping feet,
Grew loud in their revelry.

The tables groaned with the viands rare,
And fruits of every clime,
While the sparkling brim of the wine cups there,
As it met the lips of the smiling fair,
Flashed rich with the rosy wine ;
And light from the golden lamps, which seemed
Like a sunbeam's dazzling ray,
O'er the jewelled crown of the monarch gleamed,
And around him seemed to play.

And there in his kingly state he quaffed
From the cup that the fair had sipped,
And drained to the dregs the bubbling draught,
Till with frantic joy he wildly laughed,
As the light feet round him skipped ;
And flattering tongues, with a cunning guile,
Were whispering in his ear,
While each one vowed, with a treacherous smile,
That his praises were sincere.

“ Ho ! the ruddy wine ! ”—the monarch cried—

“ There's joy in its magic name,
Let the soldier speed in his martial pride,
And swift on his courser to battle ride,

To die with a warrior's fame ;
But gold is mine, and the flashing wine,
And the Gods have given me power,
And the sunny smile of the concubine,
As a toy, for a tedious hour."

" But hark ! what sound !" Lo ! the merry dance
Has ceased—and a ghastly fear,
With the hue of death, is on every glance,
And they quake, as tho' struck with the foeman's lance,
And list with attentive ear ;
Till the stoutest heart, at the frantic rout,
Bursts forth with a wail of wo,
As they hear the sentry's thrilling shout,
" Belshazzar ! The foe ! The foe !"

And see ! on the wall, o'er his banquet throne,
Is traced, by a spectre hand,
His doom—and he stands like a sculptured stone—
" Thy kingdom and gold are forever gone,
For the foeman treads thy land."
And the pilgrim dreamer murmured low,
" If this be immortality,

Father of mercy, hear my prayer, oh !

Let me not immortal be."

A change came o'er his dream.—It seemed the time

Of midnight ; and a scholar o'er

His books, with glowing face and thought sublime,

Upon the pages seemed to pore.

His keen eye glanced along the page, and seemed

To trace the future of his soul's career,

While Genius on his brow with lustre beamed,

And aimed his high ambition to its sphere.

His cheek was pale and wan, and cunning schemes

For many a year had racked his soul,

And mingled with a wildness, in his dreams,

That scorned e'en reason's calm control.

And o'er his brow the laurel wreath of fame

Was twined—and nations on his whisper hung

With raptured ear, and o'er the world his name

Had grown familiar now to every tongue.

And lo ! in transport wild, the scholar strung

With chords of heavenly birth, his lyre,

And o'er the fibres, quick his spirit flung
The spell of its poetic fire.
The world stood mute with awe, as from his heart
The gems of Genius charmed their eager ears,
And when the poet ceased his magic part,
He found a list'ning world was bathed in tears.

He ceased—and changed the thrilling minstrel fire
To cheerless, cold philosophy ;
And calmly laid aside his living lyre,
For the dull pen of history ;
And the same hearts that echoed to his song,
And beat responsive to his tuneful lays,
In wonder at his wisdom now prolong,
With frantic rapture, their unceasing praise.

And when at last he laid him down to die,
To leave a world so beautiful and fair,
He e'en forgot there was a power on high,
That made him what he was—Voltaire—
The muse, nor calm philosophy could save,
Yet still he faltered not, in stubborn pride,
But while a ling'ring tenant for the grave,
Without repentance, cursed his God, and died !

And the pilgrim dreamer turned away,
And a tear fell from his eye;
While something whispered, “would’st thou pray
For such an immortality?”

Again the scene was changed.—A giant mind,
By whose stern fiat kingdoms rose or fell,
Was struggling fierce for mastery o’er mankind,
Till every war-shout seemed a nation’s knell.

“Grim visaged war” o’er earth had spread
Her carnage far and wide,
And the dismal heaps of the fallen dead,
Told of her rapid stride.
And o’er the light
Of the foremost fight,
Still shone that meteor star,
That flashed afar
O’er the track of war,
From the isle of Corsica.

Where’er the tide of battle rolled
Its purple tinted wave,

He stood, the foremost of the bold,
The bravest of the brave ;
Nor quaked his heart,
At its fearful part,
Nor faltered his eagle eye ;
And the rattling peal
Of the clashing steel,
Was echoed with, victory !

And *pale cheeked famine* followed fast,
And *wo* came on apace,
While *death* was stalking boldly past,
The foremost in the race.
Yet proudly bright
Flashed forth the light,
From that warrior's lightning glance ;
And wild rang out
The thunder shout,
“ A jamais, Vive la France !”

And lo ! a mournful wail rose high,
That told of anguish there,
And the widow's tear, and the orphan's sigh,
Were eloquent with prayer.

And fast and far,
That meteor star,
On its scourging mission sped ;
And deeper grew
The crimson hue,
On every field of dead.

But the mighty arm of vengeance fell
Across his blood-stained path,
And a million voices loudly swell,
In the echoing howl of wrath.
And the widow's tear,
And the orphan's prayer,
On his pathway still pursue ;
Till th' avenger's shout,
To heaven rang out,
From the field of Waterloo.

And now, afar upon the ocean wave,
A faint and glimmering setting star,
Shines o'er an iron rock-bound coast, the grave
Of him who 'gainst the world made war.

The dreamer shuddered in his sleep, and on
A nobler scene his mind's eye turned its gaze.

A firm, devoted, patriot band,
That came from o'er the sea,
On the virgin soil of their forest land,
Were struggling to be free.
From a land of tyranny they came,
To seek a shrine for prayer,
And build them up a stainless name,
They might not blush to wear.

God smiled upon them, and their songs
In hymns of praise rose high ;
The heaven-born breeze each note prolongs,
And wafts it to the sky.
United hand in hand, they grew
To be a people brave,
Their noble hearts were strong and true,
And free as the ocean wave.

But the tyrant watched with evil eye,
As their gladness echoed far,

Till there flashed along the tranquil sky,
The crimson blaze of war.
Then rose they, in resistless might,
And for their own green land,
Like giants stood in the foremost fight,
Against the foeman's hand.

Till from the northern, snow-clad hills,
To the fragrant sunny south,
One startling shout each bosom thrills,
And bursts from every mouth—
“ God and our country, be the cry,
The home of liberty ;
We'll brave the tyrant till we die,
God made us bold and free !”

And noblest, of that patriot band,
One God-like stood alone,
And o'er whose brow had freedom's hand,
Her brightest laurels thrown.
Alike in fight or council hall,
He bore a lofty part,
His bosom thrilled to freedom's call,
Deep from his giant heart.

And he that made them heard their prayer,
As on the bended knee
They humbly sought his watchful care,
And asked for liberty.
And a shout rose from that fearless band,
When their noble cause was won—
“ For freedom and our native land,
God and our Washington !”

The dreamer woke—and years passed on—
The lightness from his step had gone ;
And the bright lightning glance of youth,
Whence beamed the light of fearless truth,
Had vanished—and his sunken eye
Was dim, yet wild ; and gaiety
Had from his spirit passed away,
Like ling’ring light at close of day.
Upon his features, harrowing care
Had many a furrow planted there ;
While on his noble, snow-white brow
A burning fever lingered now,
And racked his spirit day by day,
Till it was well nigh worn away.

He'd sought, with eager zeal, for fame,
And with it an unsullied name ;
The first his soul had nobly won,
The other, and the dearest, none
But knew that he deserved it well ;
Yet oft so potent was the spell
With which malignant envy rose,
Her treach'ry turned his friends to foes ;
And they that knew his honest heart,
Still sought to wound with falsehood's dart.
He was not happy—and his life
Had grown a burden—e'en his wife
Grew doubtful of his love, and wept,
While bending o'er him, as he slept.
Now, by his side she stood : the same
For whom his soul had courted fame ;
The one that made his boyhood seem,
In its remembrance, like a dream—
And carelessly her fingers played
With locks that o'er his forehead strayed,
While in her boy's bright, smiling face
She calmly gazed, as if to trace
Upon that brow, so smooth and fair,
The likeness of his father there.

She wept—and in her sadness prayed
That God would bless her child, and aid
Her spirit in its mournful part,
To cheer her husband's drooping heart.

His pilgrimage was well nigh o'er,
And his soul from earth must soon be free,
But oh ! how much his spirit bore,
As the price of IMMORTALITY !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO

MY MOST ESTEEMED FRIEND,

A. L. H.,

AS A MEMENTO OF REGARD,

THESE POEMS

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



THE MANIAC BRIDE.

THE following poem was suggested upon being shown a beautiful vine-clad cottage in the northern part of this State, where lived a lady young and fair, who had been the pride of her friends both for her beauty and her talents, but who had been enticed by the prepossessing appearance of a stranger, first to love, then to marriage. Three weeks after, he suddenly left her, when it was discovered that she was the last of three wives, all of whom were living. He never returned; and the poor, broken-hearted girl pines away, crazed, and a victim of a cruel fate and a mournful love.

~~~~~

"If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted :  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted :  
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again,  
Give to thy touch a token !" —HEMANS.

~~~~~

Oh! dark was the night and bleak the air,
And the stormy winds were free,
And alone on the heath was a lady fair,
A picture of misery.

Her hair was loose to the cruel wind,
And her eye was strange and wild,
While around her brow wild flowers she twined
With glee, like an artless child.

Her feet were bare to the chilling frost ;
On her cheek the frozen tear ;
And she searched around as tho' she'd lost
A prize that was very dear.
On every side she wildly gazed—
“ Oh ! why does he stay so long ?”
Then up to heaven her blue eyes raised,
And murmured this plaintive song.

I.

Oh ! the heath is sad and lone,
And I seek thee here in vain ;
Where hast thou, my loved one, gone ?
Wilt thou not return again ?

II.

Here I shed the lonely tear,
Now to cheer my breaking heart,

Nightly watching for thee here—

Come ! oh, come ! we must not part !

III.

They told me that I must forget

That I'd loved thee once and true—

They curse the spot where first we met,

Where the vine and wild-rose grew.

IV.

Ah ! they little know the spell—

Would my love were but a dream !

Peace, and joy, and hope, farewell !

Ye are falseer than ye seem.

V.

But loved one, come ! thou would'st not leave

Me here alone to weep and sigh—

O'er faded hopes to mourn and grieve,

And broken hearted, pine and die !

She ceased—and pressed with her tiny hand

Her white, snowy brow and fair,

While her pale and trembling lips began
To whisper, in fervent prayer—
Oh, God ! in vain must I ever grieve,
O'er hopes far dearer than life ?
Oh ! wherefore, my husband, did'st thou leave
Thy lonely and loving wife ?”

Her prayer rose high, and with accents wild,
And sad was her burning tear—
“ Oh ! Father of mercy ! take thy child,
Or send my lost husband here.
But hark ! oh, list my heart ! 'tis the tone
That bound me oft by its spell ;
Ah ! no—I'm crazed—'tis nought but the moan
Of the wind.—Loved one, farewell !”

Oh ! sad was her fate—an only child—
To parents and kindred dear,
Whose winsome ways, so gentle and mild,
Would many a sad one cheer.
The poor of the village knew her well,
For her heart was kindly warm.
And the rich and gay ones loved to tell
Of her angel face and form.

But a stranger came, whose evil eye
On the artless fair one fell ;
He breathed in her ear a mournful sigh,
And whispered of love's sweet spell—
She listened oft—for her soul was free
From every doubt and guilt ;
Her pure heart knew not that guilt could be
In that stranger's winning smile.

But time passed on—and by crafty art
He won the fond maiden's love,
As the wily snake whose keen orbs dart
The charm that secures the dove.
She twined the cords of affection true,
And hope on his love would cling,
Like ivy grown o'er the crumbling yew,
A blasted and worthless thing.

Soon at the altar her hand she gave,
And heart, to the stranger guest,—
She little thought that the cold, cold grave,
Must soon be her place of rest.
Happy and gay was the honey-moon,
While friends, from afar and near,

Brought many a gift and bridal boon,
As pledge of their friendship dear.

When a few short weeks had passed—while hope
Grew brighter with every day,
And dreams of love seemed daily to ope
To the bride so young and gay—
The stranger said to his loving bride,
“ I must leave thee now awhile ;
I'll soon return, and then at thy side,
I'll live in thy cheering smile.”

They parted that morn, and the first tear fell
From her eyes since they were wed ;
She never had known love's deepest spell,
Till its brightest joy had fled.
One night, when the winds were bleak and cold,
And dark was the hour, and late,
A horseman came, stout-hearted and bold,
And knock'd at the garden gate.

His tale was this :—afar he had rode,
Of a villain, he said, in quest,

Who lived, he had heard, in that abode,
In the pride of a bridegroom guest.
“That groom,” said he, “is an arrant knave;
Two brides now seek him in vain,
And ne’er, fair lady, this side of the grave,
Wilt thou meet thy husband again.”

Did’st ever see a white lily fair,
That grew ’neath a summer sky,
And kissed each breath of the fragrant air,
As the zephyrs wafted by?
And did’st thou mark, when the storm-cloud sped,
And fiercely and wild passed o’er,
How the broken lily drooped its head,
And drank of the dew no more?

So fell this bride, in the bloom of youth,
’Mid hopes as fleeting as gay,
And her golden visions of love and truth,
With her reason, passed away.
And ever now, when the night winds blow,
O’er the gloomy hearth and drear,
The Maniac Bride, alone, will go
In search of her husband dear.

CANZONETTE.

I.

OH! I have a little fairy, that meets me in my dreams,
With a form so light and airy, that like a nymph she seems,
And I've promised to be true to her, and ne'er to love another,
And she's to be my sister dear, and I'm to be her brother.

II.

Our hearts are both in unison—we lead a happy life,
Tho' she declares she never will consent to be my wife.
She says, the cruel creature, that the heart which heaven gave,
She'll never suffer any man to make his willing slave.

III.

Yet still I am in hopes, some day, to earn that ruby lip,
For my watch-word and reply shall be, "Do not give up the
ship."
And where's the heart that e'er was made, but could by love
be won,
And who can e'er expect to win, who will no venture run?

Then here I gird my armor on, my crusade is begun,
 I'll ne'er again my arms lay down until the prize is won,
 And on my shield a Cupid's dart my lone device shall be,
 And then, in golden letters bright, my motto, *Amo Te*.

FAREWELL !

FAREWELL ! And may thine hours be blest
 With love's unbroken spell ;
 The grief that swells within my breast,
 Thou wilt not know—Farewell !
 We'll meet again, and sunny smiles
 Shall bless the hour of greeting ;
 While cheering hope each care beguiles,
 With joys as bright as fleeting.

'Tis not because I doubt thy truth,
 Or promised love's assurance,

Or that I deem thy maiden youth
Unused to love's endurance ;
It is not fear that I shall be
Forgotten when away—
For I know thy heart, it is not free,
Nor coldly will it stray.

It is not this that makes me sad,
And clouds my hopes of pleasure ;
How could the loving soul be glad,
And far from all its treasure ?
It is because no kindred heart
But thine can grief dispel ;
'Tis this that makes it hard to part,
And yet we must—Farewell !

THE COT BY THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

OH! give me the cot by the mountain stream,
Whose water runs merrily by ;
While the crystal waves in the sunlight gleam,
Or dance 'neath the starlit sky ;
For my love is there,
And her cheek's as fair
As the flow'r of the mountain vale ;
And her heart is light,
And her eyes as bright
As e'er shone in that shadowy vale.

There peace and contentment forever shall dwell,
And innocence ever repose,
For sin shall not enter that gladsome dell,
Where the mountain streamlet flows.
And the night-bird's song,
As he glides along,

Or rests in the fairy grove,
And the twinkling star,
As it shines from afar,
Shall tell but of peace and love.

Then God of the forest protect it well,
And smile on that happy cot ;
And long may its fortunate inmates dwell,
Content with their peaceful lot.
And send from above,
The smiles of thy love,
On that form of my early dream ;
And never forget,
While the sun shall set,
That cot by the mountain stream.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

COME, up and away, 'tis the break of day,
The hour of the huntsman's pride ;
We'll mount our steeds, and away we'll speed,
With the baying hounds at side.
Our hearts are light, and strong in their might,
What cause have we to fear,
While we follow fast, as the tempest blast,
In the steps of the bounding deer ?

CHORUS.

But hark ! hark ! in the forest dark,
I hear the sound of the well-known hound,
And the winding bugle seems to say,
Away—away—away !

Now swift we fly, 'neath the cloudless sky,
And we pass the trudging hind,
O'er meadow and vale, o'er hill and dale,
And we leave them far behind.

Oh! who would not be a hunter free,
To roam 'mid the mountain air,
To follow the chase in a nimble race,
On a morning bright and fair ?

CHORUS.

But hark ! hark ! that well-known bark
Proclaims the hunt is o'er ;
And the winding bugle seems to say,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

THE POET.

“ Deal gently with him, world, I pray ;
Ye cares, like softened shadows, come .
His spirit, well-nigh worn away,
Asks with ye, but awhile, a home.”

Oh! gently touch the tender chords that clasp a poet's heart,
Nor deem it folly when the tear-drop from his eye shall start,
Too full of tenderness and love to meet the world's cold sneer,
He turns him to his God, and tells his sadness by his tear.

When the sound of the faint, yet mournful sigh, falls sadly on
the ear,
And the weary heart in sorrow seeks one smile of love to cheer ;
That heart-felt sigh from the spirit depths, finds echo in his own,
And he sheds a tear with the weeping one, and sighs for the
sad and lone.

He seeks his friends in the woodland glens, where the birds
are warbling free,
And their merry song as he roams along, to his heart seems
melody.
He loves to talk to the winds and stars, and in converse
breathes aloud,
For the moan of the wind, and the song of the stars, seem the
voice of his Maker, God.

When the day has gone, and the night winds blow, and dark
is the gath'ring cloud,
And the lightning tempests, howling fierce, the starry skies
o'ershroud,
He looks above with a fearless eye, and watches the light-
ning's flash,
And finds sweet music to his soul in the roar of the thunder's
crash.

Then frown thou not upon the heart that God has blessed
with smiles,
But do thou love him, for 'tis love that all his care beguiles;
And when good fortune smiles on him, his heart will share 't
with thee,
But oh! forsake or leave him not, till his soul from earth is
free.

LINES FROM THE HEAD, NOT FROM THE HEART.

OH! tell me no more of the heavenly smile
That dwells in a woman's eye;
Her love may the tedious hour beguile,
And her hand the tear-drop dry;
But 'neath her smile,
There lurks a guile,
That may shine while it deceives—
When it weaves a snare,
As deadly as fair,
'Round the heart that once believes.

Tho' her heart may melt and her tears may flow,
And her breast may heave a sigh ;
Tho' her cheek with radiant smiles may glow,
And her lips with love reply ;
Yet oh ! beware
Of the deadly snare
That lurks in the falling tear—
Or the tender sigh,
And the kind reply,
That falls on the list'ning ear.

Then tell me no more of the magic spell
That attends the piercing glance,
Tho' her soft honied words of love shall tell,
And her beauty may entrance ;
Yet her vows, tho' fair,
Are empty as air,
And are made but to deceive—
And a dark disguise,
Still lurks in her eyes,
Which smile while her victims grieve.

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

FAREWELL, lovely valley, I leave thee in sorrow,
Thro' thy woodlands and groves I can ramble no more ;
And when, far away, I awake on the morrow,
'Twill be but to weep for the dream that is o'er.

I love thy green vales and thy cloud-robed mountains,
Thy sweet balmy air, thy meadows and hills,
The music that springs from thy sweet gushing fountains,
And the green mossy banks of thy murmuring rills.

And the hearts that beat warm 'neath thy bright sunny skies,
Whose faith is ne'er broken, whose friendship is true,
And the smiles of thy daughters that beam from their eyes,
Like rainbows of beauty from crystals of dew.

I go—for the voice of affection afar,
Sweetly echoes the vows that my heart has once plighted ;
I go—for the light of that minist'ring star,
Can brighten each hope that absence has blighted.

I go—but could she who is first in my heart,
In thy quiet be happy and there with me dwell ;
We'd cling to thy green hills and never depart,
From the vale that I now bid, in sorrow, farewell !

OH ! THINK OF ME.

Oh ! think of me,
At the quiet repose of the morning hour,
When the dew glistens bright on the op'ning flower,
When the birds sing their songs by the shadowy dell,
And the murmuring streamlets of love shall tell—
For I'm with thee.

Oh ! think of me,
When the pale moon's gentle and silvery light,
Gives a charm to the spectral hour of night,
When the stars look down from their home in the sky,
And watch o'er our slumbers with twinkling eye—
For I'm with thee.

Oh ! think of me,
When flatt'ring friends shall surround thy gay form,
And lavish their praises endearing and warm ;
When thy heart in its gladness shall gaily rejoice,
And a spell of enchantment attend thy sweet voice—
For I'm with thee.

Oh ! think of me,
When the vows of affection are breathed in your ear,
And your heart in its fondness replies with a tear ;
And forget not the heart that has ever been true,
And which, tho' forgotten, shall beat but for you—
For I'm with thee.

MY SISTER.

WHEN friends prove false that once were true

To the ties of love that bound us—

When sorrow's tears our eyes bedew,

For the hopes that fade around us;

There is a heart that clings forever,

With love pure and unshaken,

Nor fades away when storm-clouds gather,

And the heart is all forsaken.

When the dreams of youth have passed away,

And ended but in sorrow—

When the gloomy hours of to-day

Are earnest of the morrow ;

There is a hand that would not fail

To dry the tears of sadness,

And on the brow care-worn and pale,

Spread new-born smiles of gladness.

When fortune frowns with torturing leer,
And life grows dark and dreary,
And the proud world turns its haughty sneer
On the pining soul, and weary ;
There is a smile of sunshine bright,
That has no night nor ending ;
But pours its rainbow gem of light
O'er the drooping spirit bending.

Oh ! he that has no sister's love
To clasp with kindred feeling,
Nor feels that joy from heaven above
Through all his senses stealing ;
When tempest storms come thick and fast,
His soul shall droop and pine
Like the blasted oak that needs the clasp
Of the sister twining vine.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

WANTED a wife,
To sweeten life,
By a bachelor young and healthy ;
I do not care,
So she be fair,
How poor she may be, or wealthy.

She must not be tall,
Nor yet very small,
But beautiful, gentle and young ;
With eyes that are bright,
And a heart that is light,
And one who can bridle her tongue.

With a soul full of love,
And as pure as a dove,
And a form that is slender and airy ;
With a voice like a bird's,
Tho' of not many words,
And as gentle and light as a fairy.

She must not be a blue,
And much less a shrew,
But generous, frank, and refined ;
In temper as mild
As an artless child,
With a brilliant and heavenly mind.

And when I can find
One just to my mind,
Who'll love me sincerely and ever,
I never will leave her,
Nor harm her, nor grieve her,
But cherish her fondly forever.

MY COUSIN.

OH ! think not, that thy happy youth
Is doomed to leave thee never,
Or that the ties of love and truth,
Which bind thee, are forever.

Think not that friends who once were true,
 Shall ever linger near thee,
For thou wilt find that those are few,
 Whose words of love will cheer thee.

Think not thy joys will never fade,
 Or hopes will ne'er be blighted ;
For the promise often firmest made,
 Proves false to vows once plighted.

Thou'lt find the world a gloomy waste,
 Where pain and sorrow grow ;
And broken faith, where hope was placed,
 Shall oft make tear drops flow.

LOVE.

THEY tell me that love is a fearful thing,
 And the wise ones say *beware !*
For the rainbow hue of his gaudy wing
 Is as false as it is fair ;

When he dips his shaft in the falling tear,
That flows from the melting eye,
Oh ! then is the time for the soul to fear
The charm of the mournful sigh.

They say that he creeps in the tender heart,
When the spirit is sad and lone,
And his fetters he binds with a magic art,
Till he claims it as his own.
And oft he is hidden in Friendship's garb,
And the soul feels light and free,
Till it withers away with the poisoned barb
That has pierced it secretly.

And he dwells in the music of plaintive song,
As it falls on the list'ning ear,
And slowly and surely he glides along,
Nor wakens the heart to fear ;
Till soon, when the voice of the song is o'er,
Alas ! for the magic spell !
The heart that was gladsome is free no more,
For the song was its mournful knell.

And in poesy too he loves to hide,
Where there's little of earthly mould,
While he shuns, in the depth of his honest pride,
The cruel hearts and cold ;
And he breathes in each word of the measured line
A spell that is strong and deep—
He seeks not to know if the heart may pine,
Or the spirit in sadness weep.

But I care not at all, so the rainbow hue
Be the smile of thy sparkling eye ;
And I fear not the tear so it comes from you,
Tho' charmed with the mournful sigh ;
Be the friendship thine that shall weave the spell,
And thine the sweet plaintive song,
And thine be the poesy ever to tell,
That thy love is less fearful than strong.

MY BONNIE ANNA.

'Twas on a lovely summer day,
When flow'rs were gaily springing
Beneath the golden sunny ray,
And birds were sweetly singing,
I hied awa' to see my love—
May heaven with incense fan her,
And shower blessings from above,
Upon my Bonnie Anna.

The hours flew by on heedless wing,
Until the moon shone clearly—
How could I leave that winsome thing,
And whom I loved so dearly ?
Of all the joys that greet us here,
Tho' they be ne'er so many,
There's none, to me, that can compare,
With my sweet Bonnie Anna.

No ee' ere shone more sweetly bright,
Than that of my ain dearie,
And gazing on its gentle light,
I'd ne'er grow sad or weary.
And then she's such a fairy form,
And such a winning manner,
I'm sure no creature e'er could harm
My ain, my Bonnie Anna.

But soon the fearfu' moment came,
That almost set me weeping,
When I must hie me to my hame,
To dream of her while sleeping—
And what I told her, now I'd tell,
But then I'm sure I canna ;
Yet this I know, and know fu' well,
I lo'e my Bonnie Anna.

I stole my arm around her waist,
And kissed her lip at parting,
And in her blinkin een I gazed,
Where pearly tears were starting,

I bade her then a fond gwide e'en,
And left my love, sae cannie,
She was the fairest e'er was seen,
My lovely, Bonnie Anna.

THE DREAM IS PAST.

THE dream is past—the spell is o'er—
The charm that bound me is no more,
Thou'rt lost to me, and now we part,
With none to soothe my broken heart.

My soul too fondly oft would deem
Our hearts were blended—ah ! the dream !
And now, since every hope has flown,
I turn from all to weep alone.

And while my heart shall droop and fade
With hopes of love that fancy made,
Thou wilt forget me in thy pride,
And be another's loving bride.

I've fondly loved thee, but in vain ;
And never can my heart again,
Tho' hope has gone, from love be free,
Or woo another one but thee.

Oh ! had'st thou been less dear, my pride
Would bid my heart its feeling hide,
Until my soul should soon forget
That thou had'st been, what thou art yet.

But, like the broken string of lute,
Whose plaintive strains must now be mute,
So shall the gladness of my heart,
Its life strings broken, now depart.

THE HEART THAT'S LOVED THEE LONG AND
TRUE.

FORGET the land that gave thee birth,
The happy home of childhood ;
The rocks and trees that shared thy mirth,
In the green and merry wild wood ;
Forget the friends of youth, tho' few,
And they forget thee, never !
But the heart that's loved thee long and true,
Forget not, oh ! forever.

And she, who watched thy infant sleep
With a mother's heartfelt pleasure ;
Thy father who for joy shall weep,
And call thee all his treasure ;
Of them, tho' tears shall fall like dew,
Thou may'st remembrance sever,
But the heart that's loved thee long and true,
Forget not, oh ! forever.

Thy brother, who has watched thee long,
 With hopes too full of gladness ;
Thy sister, who has breathed her song
 Of love, to cheer thy sadness :
Forget them, while their tear-drops too
 Shall mourn thy coldness ever,
But the heart that's loved thee long and true,
 Forget not, oh ! forever.

MY BIRTH DAY.

I'm twenty-two to day, and while
 The years have swiftly flown,
They've robbed me of the treasured joys
 That once were all my own.
The promises of hope that cheered
 My boyhood's early years,
Have flown without fulfilment,
 And have left but bitter tears.

My childhood was a happy one,
For then I knew no care—
My life was all a sunshine,
And my dreams were bright as fair—
I watched, with merry heart, the brooks
That gently flowed along,
And heard, with joy, the gladsome strain
Of every warbler's song.

And on the stars of Heaven I gazed,
And breathed an earnest prayer,
That God would take me when I died,
To be an angel there.
But now those happy days have gone,
Nor may return, while I
Have passed my boyhood's innocence,
And am not fit to die.

And in my childhood, there were those
I dearly loved to see ;
For they ever wore a friendly smile,
And aye were dear to me.
But they have gone—I know not where—
They are no longer here—

I wish that we might meet again,
I'm sure they'd still be dear.

Oh ! that my boyhood's happiness
Would come to me again !
Or that the sunlight of my life
Would be as bright as then !
There is no goal of peace or joy
On manhood's cheerless track,
And 'tis but vain to hope that age
Will early joys bring back.

Remembered scenes, and cherished forms,
And hopes have passed away,
Like the golden sunbeam's ling'ring light,
At close of summer's day—
E'en *friendly* hearts are colder now
Than those we loved of yore ;
And vainly look we for the joy
That shall be found no more.

If love now sheds upon my heart,
A bright and glowing beam,

So transient is the fancied bliss,
It seems a fleeting dream ;
And if my star of hope should shine
With bright and cheering ray,
There's sure to rise a gloomy cloud,
To drive my peace away.

And all that's left to cheer my soul,
Is the phantom spirit, *fame*,
For I fain would win a laurel wreath,
And bear an honored name.
Yet even this I may not seek,
But with a heavy heart,
For 'tis a cheerless world at best,
Where my soul fulfils its part.

Ye tell me that I should be glad
To greet my manhood's years ;
As if to part from youth were cause
For smiles, instead of tears—
I've found, as yet, my happiest days
Were mingled with alloy,
For fruitless love and blighted hopes
Are little cause for joy.

MORNING PRAYER.

I THANK thee, Heavenly Father, for the care
Thy watchful eye has had upon my sleep—
That thou hast made the morn seem beautiful
And fair, and bright as rosy dreams, from which
I woke—and safely hast thou kept me thro'
The night, from dangers and disease and death ;
And gen'rous health and happiness have dawned
Upon me, with the day, as unalloyed
With grief or wo as when I lay me down
'Neath evening shades to sleep. For which, oh Lord !
My soul would lift this humble song of praise,
And bless thee that thou art so merciful.
'Tis sweet to praise thee when the morn springs bright,
With rosy freshness and with glist'ring dew,
From shadowy darkness ; and methinks the song
Of matin birds more sweetly sounds at morn,
When first their warbling carols sweetly float
Upon the fragrance of the air.—And when

I hear the voice of nature, musical
With love, my spirit gladly soars above
To Heaven, in sweet communion with my God.
This day, protect me with thy guardianship,
And keep my feet from wand'ring in the path
Of sin.—May every thought be full of thee—
And faith, and hope, and charity, still be
Bright sister lights to guide my soul to Heaven.

EVENING PRAYER.

OH ! thou who watchest o'er the night ! My God !
When evening shades invite me to repose,
Secure I rest, beneath thy sleepless eye—
And while the world is wrapt in silent gloom,
To thee I turn, and lift my prayerful voice.
And on the wings of faith my spirit soars
Above, and in its calm dependence feels
No fear—for it is God in whom I trust.
I thank thee for this hour of rest, in which

Soft slumber with refreshing sweetness creeps
Upon my weary spirit ; and the charm
Of dreams makes light and joyous e'en the gloom
Of night.—Father, I love thee ! Oh ! the moon
And stars and cloudless sky, all silvered o'er
With gentle light, awake sweet songs of praise,
And make me feel that thou art here. Methinks
I hear those evening stars now chiming forth
A song of praise to thee, while zephyrs sweet,
With dewy perfume, waft it up to Heaven.
Forgive me if this day my soul hath erred,
And wandered from the path of rectitude.
If sin has lured me to its sweets, I pray
Forgiveness—Keep me thro' this night, that when
Day dawns, my soul may praise thee, for I love
To thank thee for thy heavenly watchfulness ;
And thou well knowest that in prayer my soul
Takes fond delight.

THE FRIENDS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

“ I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me.”

They are gone—they are gone—the friends of our childhood,
Their voices shall greet us no more—
The scenes that we loved, in the green-tangled wild-wood,
Have lost the sweet charm that they wore;
For the hearts that we cherished are hid by the tomb,
And the sunshine of promise is darkened with gloom.

They are gone—they are gone—and we seek them in vain,
In the pathway o’er life’s dreary waste,
Their wild, ringing laugh shall ne’er greet us again,
Though their memory ne’er be effaced ;
And the smiles that were earnest of pureness and truth,
Have vanished like dew, with the dreams of our youth.

* * * * *

I knew a little fairy girl—oh ! I remember well,
For near my father’s cottage this sweet artless one did dwell ;

It was full many a year ago—for only seven years
Had o'er me flown, or dimmed mine eye, with boyhood's
childish tears.

We both were young and artless then, and in our childish glee,
We oft would share the kiss of love, beneath some shady tree;
And in each other's face we gazed, and told of all we thought,
For in those sunny days, our hearts with innocence were
fraught.

She had a soft blue eye, that 'neath her flaxen curls would
shine
Like moonlight streaming from a cloudless sky through clust-
'ring vine;
And sweetly, too, her bird-like voice would echo through the
glen,
And when she laughed the little warblers listened too, I ken.

We grew from childhood up to youth, and in each other's
smile
We seemed to find a charm that would our every care beguile;
We often talked of love, and vowed, with wildest ecstasy,
That though the world should all prove false, we still would
faithful be.

And when we parted, many a tear flowed from her azure eye ;
The grief that swelled our youthful hearts, was told but with
a sigh ;
And now though many years have passed, we have not met
again ;
I know not if her plighted vows unbroken still remain—
But if these lines should meet her eye, though I may faithless
seem,
She thus may know I've not forgot love's first and brightest
dream.

* * * * *

They are gone—they are gone—and the places they filled
Now echo their gladness no more,
In the cold silent grave their hearts are now chilled,
And their day-dreams of promise are o'er.
May we meet them above, far, far through yon skies,
Where beauty ne'er fades, and hope never dies.

A VISION.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

I SAW, at the close of a bright summer day,
Two clouds 'neath a rainbow of heaven-born light,
They shared the same storm, and the same sunny ray,
But mingled in one ere the darkness of night ;
And two midnight stars in one heavenward course,
Together were shining like jewels of Heaven,
Like souls that are free from the pangs of remorse,
With the pleasures of hope that affection has given.

And at earliest dawn, as I wandered along,
Two songsters sat warbling the song of their love,
And the notes died away of the bird's wooing song,
Like the music of harps touched by angels above.
And beneath where they sang two brooks glided by,
While each seemed to kiss the green banks with its spray,
Till at last joined in one, their sweet waters for aye,
Went rippling and dancing together away.

When I gazed on those clouds as they mingled together,
And shared undivided each rainbow and storm ;
When I saw those twin stars still shining forever,
The brightest at midnight, the last at the morn ;
When I heard those sweet birds as they warbled their song,
Whose melody sweet seemed the music of heaven ;
When I sat by those brooks as they glided along,
In one course, and as smooth as the streamlets of Eden ;

I prayed, that our souls like those clouds might entwine,
And share the same fate, be it sunshine or storm ;
And like those two starlights together might shine,
In a heaven of love, never ending and warm ;
And our vows of affection might breathe, like the song
Of the musical warblers, as sweet and as free ;
And with hearts still embraced, like the stream flow along,
To the fatherless ocean—Eternity !

SONG—FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! we meet no more below,
To share the joys that youth and love impart ;
I ask no friendly token, ere I go
To cheer the midnight of my broken heart—
The parting pang to thee will soon be o'er,
And I must love thee, tho' we meet no more !

Farewell ! farewell ! yet thou canst not forget
Thy broken vow, in happier moments made ;
Thou'lt oft recall the hour when first we met,
And breathed of love within that forest glade ;
And I my lonely lot shall still deplore,
For I must love thee, tho' we meet no more !

Farewell ! farewell ! yet had'st thou ever known
How fondly I have loved thee and how well,
Then still my heart might claim thee as its own,
Nor bid thee now a last and sad farewell !
Nor yet be doomed, until my star has set,
To see thee faithless, and to love thee yet !

THOUGHTS ON A NEW-YEAR MORN.

ANOTHER year—oh ! in that little word
How many a scene, with sunshine bright, or dark
With clouds of grief, the soul sums up. It seems
But yesterday, when on the New-Year morn
My spirit woke from dreams of thee, and breathed
To God a prayer, that it might be a year
In which no clouds of grief should cross thy path,
Or dim the lustre of thine eye ; and now,
My muse, upon that year's departure, sings
Its dirge—I know not if my every prayer
For thine unclouded joy has been fulfilled—
I know not if thy heart has overflowed
With tears as oft as mine—but this I know,
If hope could have fulfilled its prayers, thy life
Would, in its joyousness, have been too bright
For earth, a foretaste e'en of heaven. Oh ! oft,
When I have seen thee in my rosy dreams,
The star-light of my hope, I've wished that life

Were ever thus ; it seemed so sweet to dream
That thou did'st love me—

And the New Year now
Upon thee dawns—oh ! may its close be bright
As is its birth, and may thy every dream
Of love and truth, paint the reality
That gladdens thy existence.

TO A LADY ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

ANOTHER year has rolled its cycle round,
To swell the measure of the greedy past ;
Its voice still echoes with a ceaseless sound,
Thus come the dreams of youth to fade at last.

Thy bloom has faded not ; thy hopes are bright,
Thy heart still beats as happy and as gay ;
Thy spirit has not mourned the cheerless blight
Of hopes that smiled on thee—then passed away.

For smiles have glistened o'er thy flow'ry way,
Like diamond dew-drops on the op'ning rose,
And friends have hovered near thee day by day,
And for thee nightly prayed a sweet repose.

No clouds have dimmed the sunshine of thy life,
No storms have bowed the lightness of thy soul ;
Thy heart, serene and free from passion's strife,
Admits of none but virtue's own control.

Though nineteen summers now have glided by,
And poured their richest blessings on thy head,
The hour must come when all thy charms shall lie
Like withered flowers 'mid the silent dead.

Yet may the future have no secret woes,
That watch to mar the gladness of thy heart ;
May every hope that in thy bosom glows,
By sweet fulfilment new-born joys impart.

And while the year steals on, my earnest prayer
That God may bless thee, shall be fondly given,
And every birth-day, though it bring its care,
Shall tell that thou art so much nearer heaven.

THOUGHTS OF THE DEAD.

TO MARY.

Lines to a lady whose betrothed died a few days before the time of his contemplated return from England, where he had gone to recruit his health.

DID ye hear that voice o'er the deep blue wave ?

Your hearts will not now be gay—

It came from the dismal and lonely grave—

For a spirit has passed away.

Ye parted—and little ye thought of the sorrow

That hung like a cloud o'er your dreams of the morrow ;

Ye saw not the death-angel's warning of sadness,

As he spread his broad wing o'er your image of gladness.

Weep not—for his spirit has gone to its rest,

And the blight on thy hope to thy soul may be blest ;

Thou canst not recall the bright dream that has fled,

For the loved one thou mournest lies low with the dead.

Murmur not—for the heaven that smiled on your love,
Has a place for his soul in the mansion above ;
And remember, that they who are cherished by God,
Are the first to be scourged by his chastening rod.

Thou hast loved him—and who that has known him did not ?
And the form that was loved cannot soon be forgot ;
But the God that has given, has taken away,
And thy day-dream of gladness was but for a day.

Hark ! hark ! do ye hear that low voice of wo,
That tells ye of hopes that have fled ?
Do ye see those tears in their ceaseless flow ?
'Tis the living that weep for the *dead* !

MAIDEN FAIR.

A YOUTH once met with a maiden fair,
And he saw by her eye that love was there,
While the light that beamed from her sinless smile,
Told that her heart was free from guile ;
And she seemed with a heart so gentle and warm,
Like an angel from heaven in mortal form.

And the youth looked up to the maiden fair,
And he breathed in his heart a silent prayer,
That God would smile from heaven above,
And teach him to win that lady's love ;
And ever be near, 'neath rainbow or storm,
To keep from all danger that fairy-like form.

And oft as he thought of the maiden fair,
With the blooming cheek and the nut-brown hair,
In sadness a tear-drop would start from his eye,
And deep from his soul came the mournful sigh,
And he grieved—for his love he might never tell
To the fairy girl, whom he loved so well.

But the youth at last won the maiden fair,
For hope bade his spirit proudly dare,
By glorious deeds and high, to prove
That he was worthy that lady's love—
And bright be the hours of love and truth,
To the maiden fair and the wooing youth!

LINES PRESENTED WITH A BIBLE.

If e'er a cloud of sadness
Should flit across thy path,
And rob thy youthful gladness
Of all the joy it hath ;
If sorrow should come o'er thee,
Or grief thine eye bedew ;
If the path that lies before thee
Seem dark and dreary too—
Thou'lt find a sunshine here,
Whose calm and soothing light
Shall chase away thy tear,
And make thy pathway bright.

If thou should'st lonely be,
 And want a friend to cheer thee,
If those should coldly flee,
 That once would linger near thee ;
If in thy youthful breast
 Sad disappointments creep,
To break thy spirit's rest,
 And mar thy tranquil sleep ;
A friend thou here may'st find,
 Whose love shall cheer thy heart,
And closer be entwined,
 When falser friends depart.

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

NAY—ask not why my heart is sad—
 Thou would'st not have me smile,
And seem as tho' my soul were glad,
 When grief oppressed the while ?

They say that love makes light the heart,
And softens sorrow's pain—
But ah ! they little know the smart
To those that love in vain.

There is a joy—but rarely found—
When love meets love and truth ;
When heart to heart one hope has bound,
To bless the dreams of youth.
Yet when the spirit sad and lone,
Must droop o'er hopes that fade,
And love first feels its visions flown,
And scenes that fancy made,

Oh ! wonder not if sorrow dwell
Where hope had held its throne ;
Or if beneath the potent spell,
Death claim the heart his own—
May those who trust their feeble bark
Upon love's troubled sea,
Ne'er find its wave or storm so dark,
As now it seems to me.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

I would not seek in festive halls,
A heart that could beguile
The weary gloomy hours of life,
With beauty's witching smile ;
Away from towns and cities fair,
'Mid scenes that never fade,
I'd leave my heart where nature dwells—
And love the cottage maid.

I would not seek for friendship here,
'Mid selfish hearts and cold,
Nor innocence unmixed with pride,
Where every smile is sold ;
But where the heart is light and free,
And friendship ne'er betrayed,
I'd seek those envied gifts to find,
Where dwells the cottage maid !

BRIDAL SONG.

"I never saw a bridal but my eye-lid hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring."

I STRING my lute for a bridal song,
On the willowy boughs it hung,
And many an hour has passed along
Since its chords were last unstrung ;
But a merry heart I'll seem to wear,
'Mid the blithesome and the gay,
And smiles for the bride so young and fair,
Shall chase the tear away—

I bring thee flowers to deck thy brow,
From the green and grassy dells :
In the dingle's and copse's wild they grow,
'Mid the music of fairy bells.
They gracefully bend
When the dews descend,

And drink of the heavenly showers ;
And their virgin white,
'Neath the moonbeam's light,
Is the purest of all the flowers.

They came from the grove where a fairy dwells,
And they grew by her mossy throne,
And nought but the wild-bee's honey cells,
Of their sweetness e'er has known ;
And a pearly brook,
In a quiet nook,
Has merrily danced at their side ;
And they hid their face
With a beauteous grace,
Like a young and timid bride.

In the green-wood wild, where the hare-bell grew,
And the tulip cups were seen,
And the violet drank of the morning dew,
The rose of them all was queen ;
When the wood-nymphs dance
'Neath the moon's soft glance,

And flit 'mid the leafy bowers ;
They trim their hair
With these roses fair,
To the envy of all the flowers.

Then take them now, with the poet's prayer,
That the joy of thy gladsome heart,
May ne'er be dimmed by a cloud of care,
Till its life-light shall depart ;
And though, like they,
Thou art ta'en away,
From those who shall weep when thou'rt gone,
May thy heart be light,
As it seems to-night,
When many a year shall have flown.

Farewell, my lute—for thy task is done,
Thou hast been my dear treasure long,
Too soon we part—yet now there is none
That can waken thy echoes to song ;
And though neglected thou may'st decay,
Yet the tear-drop oft will start,
While I think, when thy gladness shall pass away,
Thou wilt droop like my own sad heart.



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